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CAP
OF
Grey HAIRS
FOR A
Green HEAD:
OR, THE
Good MAN's
MEDITATION
ON
DEATH.

*Remember thy Latter End and thou shalt
never do amiss.*

By S. F.

My Help is in the Name of the Lord.

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Phil. 2. 12, 13. *Work out your Salvation with Fear and Trembling, for it is God which worketh in you both to Will and Do of his Good Pleasure.*

IF we seriously consider, and it is high time, that most Men instead of being in Earnest about the Eternal Estate of their Immortal-Souls, they are in Jest, and instead of the working out of their Salvation with Fear and Trembling, commanded by God, they too soon forget that Men was at first made Spiritually-minded, and must be Spiritually-minded before they go hence, or they shall never see God, *Rom. 8. 6. For we know that if our Earthly House of this Tabernacle be destroy'd, we have a Building of God, a House not made with Hands, Eternal in the Heavens.*

It is appointed for all Men once to die, and

it is certain that in whatsoever Estate we die in it we shall remain ; for where the Tree falleth, there it shall lye ; yet he that dies in the Lord, is blessed, for he rests from his Labours and shall remain for ever in *Abraham's Bosom* which is the Paradice of God ; he that dies in his Sins goes down to the Prison, out of which is no Redemption, and shall never get a Licence to come back to learn to die over again. Such as every Man dies in the last Day of his Life such shall he be judged in the last Day of the World : It is therefore a special Point of Wisdom so to live, that by living we may learn to die ; that a Godly Life may prepare the Way to a Happy Death, and may make us sure of a joyful Resurrection ; if the Life be Good the Death, whatsoever it be, cannot be Evil. If the Life be Evil to the End, the Death whatsoever it be, cannot be Good ; remember Sin is a bad Bed-fellow, but a worse Grave fellow ; and if it Sleep with you, it will Awake with you, when the dreadful Trumpet shall Sound, *Arise ye Dead, and come to Judgment*. It is very profitable in our Life to think on Death, and to remember that every Work and secret Thing must be brought to Judgment. Our Saviour at the Banquet in *Bethania* had his Conference of his Death and Burial, and *Joseph of Arimathea* had his Sepulchre in his Garden both of them teaching us to Season the Pleasures of our Life with the Resemblance of our Death : For *Meditatio mortis Vita est perfecta*, that is, the Meditation of Death is perfect Life. How shall good People in this Life know

know of a better? Two Ways, that is, First, the Words of our Saviour in *John 14. 2.* *In my Father's House are many Dwelling Places,* if it were not so I would have told you; I go to prepare a Place for you; so that there is not only a Place for him, but for all his. Secondly, we know it by the Perswasion of Faith, which is proper only to God's Elect Children Effectually Called; let bad People doubt, but let good believe, that God will, thro' the Valley of Death, lead us to Eternal Life. Our Life on Earth is no Inheritance, our Breath is but a Vapour; we here have no continuing City therefore.

Memento Homo quia pulvis est it in pulverem reverter; that is, remember Man thou art but Dust, and to Dust thou must return. And those dainty Women that will not suffer so much as the Soles of their Feet to touch the Earth, must at length lay down, not the Soles of their Feet only, but the Crown of their Head also, to be Covered with it. The Labour of Man in his Life is to turn over the Earth with the Sweat of his Brows, seeking in her Bowels Food and Fewel, Materials for Buildings, and Minerals of sundry Metals for his other Uses, in all which she renders to Man her Service, receiving at length a Recompence, Man in her Bosom, to fill up her Wants, whose finest Flesh is turned by her, without difficulty, into Dust. We ought to consider, *Isa. 14. 11.* *Thy Pomp is brought down to the Grave, and the Sound of thy Viols; the Worm is spread under*

under thee, and the Worms cover thee; yet nei-
ther art thou for Pride the more precious:
 For the highest Trees are not the most Fruit-
 ful; the mighty Oaks of *Basan* bear Fruit for
 the Swine, where the little Vine-tree renders
 comfortable Fruit for Man, neither can thy
 Height protect thee against Death, for even
 Gold-thirsty *Babel*, which grew up like a great
 Tree, so high that the Fowls of Heaven made
 their Nest under it, was at length brought to
 the Grave like an Abominable Branch; so shall
 it be with the Pomp of all Flesh, the Worms
 shall be spread under thee, and the Worms
 shall cover thee. It is written of *Agathorles*, who
 of a Potter was made a King, that he caused to
 furnish his Table-Vessels, some of *Gold*, and
 some of *Loam*, that by one he might be served
 as a King, and by the other admonished that he
 was once a Potter. And it much more becomes us,
 who now are called to the high Dignity of the
 Sons of God, to remember what we were before,
 that so we may be humbled in our selves, and be
 thankful to our God *Pf. 139. 19. Saith David, Surely*
thou wilt slay the Wicked, O God; depart from me there-
fore ye Bloody Men. The Lord will fulfil the De-
 sires of them that fear him, whether it be Righte-
 ousness here, or Glory hereafter. There are Two
 Evils that troubles Men; First, the Fear of Sin,
 next the Fear of Death. It is a Pastime to do
 wickedly, only they fear Death and Judgment.
 There is no Death so horrible which they would
 not willingly imbrace, provided it would free
 them from the Conscience of their Sins. They
 would be content to be smothered, quick Moun-
 tains

tains fall upon them, and cover them. Death is a biting Serpent to the Wicked, when the wretched Sinner in his cold Sweat and dying Groans, with his Precious Soul ready to depart, the Conscience on the Wrack, biting and tearing him like a Lion; the Devil, God's Executioner, standing by, and looking on, the Heart under Dejections and sinking Despair; his Eyes dim and fixed, the Heart-string ready to break with Pain, his Wife, Children, and Friends, at the Bed-side, weeping, crying, sighing, wringing their Hands, the Children crying out, Alas, my Father, the Wife crying out, alas, my Husband, the poor perishing Soul all this while looking backward upon his mis-spent Time, and past Sins; looking in his Heart he findeth no Christ, no Grace, nothing but Sin, Death, Darkness; looking upwards to that God that hath been provoked, that Christ that hath been rejected, to that Heaven and Eternity that he hath lost; and looking downward to the dark and dreadful Pit that must be his Portion, with a fearful looking for of Judgment, seeing the Devils ready to seize him, O what a dreadful Outcry or Shriek will that Soul make when it departs, perceiving itself sinking down to the Bottomless Pit, and Burning Lake, where he must take up his Lodging with devouring Fire to all Eternity? But a true Christian is contrary to the wicked, and is like our Saviour Christ, as you may Read in *John 18. 8.* *If ye be seeking Jesus, I am he; let these go their Way.*

It was told to a Heathen that by his Enemies Means he was condemn'd to die; he answered, tha

that long since Nature had given out the Sentence upon them as well as upon him. If such Strength was in a Heathen, what should there be in a Christian? The very Heathen seems to have a Sight and Knowledge of that City, through which runs the Water of Life, in every side thereof the Tree of Life; this is the Glorious Building, into which our Souls are carried by Angels; therefore if our Life be the Life of the Righteous, we shall die the Death of the Righteous, which God grant; therefore unto thee, O Lord God, who hath given us Knowledge and Understanding, and hath unfolded Mysteries to thy People which they knew not, and deep Things which they understood not, and hath placed in their Souls a Sense of Goodness, and the Characters of thine unexpressible Love, teaching us in Darkness, and instructing us in the Night Season, that we may behold the profound Depths of thy Infinite Wisdom, to the most Great and Infinite Three in One, the most Holy Being, and Eternal Fulness, to the Omnipotent Word, whose Goings forth were of Old, even from Everlasting, the Unconceivable and Immense Fountain of Health, and Salvation, who mad'st all Things by the Word of thy Power, and canst do whatever thou pleaseth, to the most Holy, Unerring, and Unbounded Spirit of Truth, who replenisheth the Infinite Space, and runnest through, and pierc'd all Things, to the only Good God, the Incomprehensible Being, my humble Soul renders all Holy Fear, Reverence, Honour, Glory and Praise, from henceforth to Eternal Ages. *Amen.*

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